

WEEKLY COURIER

SEN ED. DOANE, Publisher

JASPER - - - - INDIANA

Keep on buying Thrift stamps. There are millions of them yet for sale.

The sentence given conscientious objectors will give them something else to object to.

A few people still think that profiteering is the modern way to get the most out of life.

Raising a hundred million dollars for a noble cause is an easy task these patriotic days.

Eating less beef will come easy to those who have long ago given it up entirely as a luxury.

Alarming, however, is not the word for you, providing your winter's coal supply is in the bin.

Latest reports indicate that the potato bugs are being repulsed by counter-attacks on all fronts.

This work or fight edict is going to be awfully hard on the man who has no desire to do either.

The fellows who have for years been looking forward to getting back to the farm have their chance now.

We should worry about those three meatless days a week! Just look at the beans we've got coming in the garden!

If men's suits would be any cheaper if the pantaloons were converted into knickerbockers, that would be another reason.

Another American revolution was peacefully accomplished when it was decided that baseball is a nonessential occupation.

Under the "work or fight" order many persons are going to learn the satisfaction of doing for themselves instead of having things done for them.

These are great days for the ultimate consumer. He is being protected against extortion on the one hand and against his own appetite on the other.

It is predicted that eggs will go to \$1 a dozen soon. Whereat the great American hen gives a cackle of defiance and tells the plain people to get behind her.

Baseball is becoming popular in England. The British may play the game, but it will take time to acquire the technical vocabulary of an argument with the umpire.

In 1920 an intelligent man with one arm and a war cross on his coat will have an awful easy slide to office when his opponent is some guy that found an excuse from service he could put across.

Scientists now say that we do not think with the brain alone, but with the whole body. We have long insisted that some folks' mouths ought to be given more of the credit or blame, as the case may be.

And now it appears that the troops of our South American allies will be trained up here. It is going to be almost impossible to unscramble the democracies after the war, so why attempt it?

Speaking of revolutions, here comes Provost Marshal General Crowder listing sports as useless, despite the fact that baseball has given the great American voice more exercise than anything else in the last 50 years.

Never will the people of this country be sufficiently grateful to the press for not printing more than a tiny fraction of the so-called poetry that is offered to it.

Out of the 1,200,000 men in the new army only 600 claimed to be conscientious objectors. But from the fuss they made it might have been supposed the other way about.

We may as well realize that these campaigns for the sinews of war at home will have to be kept up just as long as the boys at the front have to keep up the fighting.

Hints that the Atlantic coast might be attacked have not interfered perceptibly with summer resort patronage. A great many Americans would take a chance for the sake of being on hand to witness the procedure.

If the height of shoes is to be limited what is going to be done about lengthening skirts, or will that naturally follow without official regulation? And if it does, will the extra cloth needed offset the shoe tops saved?

America must feed the world, and take it from the American farmer, America can do it—and the dinner bell is about to ring!

There is only one other person who has a harder time than the housewife these days and that is the man who runs a restaurant.

The dental corps of the army is large enough to care for 5,000,000 men. Needless to say, the men themselves would rather show their teeth to the enemy than to the corps.

STORIES of AMERICAN CITIES

Official Sanction Given to the Girl "Bellhop"

LOS ANGELES.—Enter the girl bellhop as a war measure. Any day now we may see her at her post in some hotel filling the place of a young man nabbed by the work-or-fight order of Provost Marshal General Crowder. She is considered perfectly proper by the government and in line for honors along with the farmerette, the woman bus driver and the female elevator boy. It was announced at a meeting of the Southern California Hotel Men's association by Robert M. Shearer, who represented the city draft boards and gave an interpretation of the new ruling.

That the "hopperettes," as they may come to be called, are to be protected from possible affronts by male guests of the hostelry was his further statement. It will be a duty of the proprietors to see that their charges are treated with all proper respect.

As a bellhop, woman is permissible, but as a night clerk, never, stated Mr. Shearer. Wherever she is efficient as a day clerk or accountant, she is to be welcomed, for then a mere man may be put to "work" provided, of course, he is not of draft age. But even though male clerks are considered "essentials" by the government, not so with the myriads of hatrack men, waiters, porters telephone boys, and underclerks that are to be found in every first-class hostelry. Their positions are considered of the "susie" variety which almost any girl can fill.

Even the alien enemy gets a chance, it was said. He is considered "permissible" although hardly "advisable" in a hotel, Mr. Shearer remarked. That is, provided he keeps his mouth shut and his hands busy at productive industry.

The jazzy "artists" of the cabaret have been declared as not necessary to the winning of the war, the draft board representative averred, and are to be hauled out of office along with some "ham" actors and the film super.

"To the trenches with 'em," he said. "May their sweet voices lull Fritz to sleep." And perhaps they will!

Ownership of Dog Might Have Puzzled Solomon

BROOKLYN.—After a collie dog answered to every name everybody in the court hurled at him, Magistrate Geismar announced that if he lives to the overripe age of one thousand years he will never again try to decide the ownership of a dog. No, sir; not even if he knows the dog's owner intimately and had been in the habit of meeting them taking each other out for an airing three times a day.

Mrs. Sally Knappenberger of 4522 Third avenue and Mrs. Jane Green of 127 Thirty-second street, Brooklyn, each claimed the collie.

"His name is Rover, your honor," explained Mrs. Knappenberger. "He was like one of the family until—"

"He is one of my family," Mrs. Green cut in, emphasizing the verb. "His name is Laddie. The idea of calling my pet such a common name as Rover!"

Magistrate Geismar told the women to take positions in different parts of the courtroom. He directed one of the attendants to take the dog to the door of the room and release him. Mrs. Knappenberger hugged the animal when he trotted to her side.

"Try it again," ordered the court.

The second time the dog galloped up to where Mrs. Green was sitting. At Magistrate Geismar's order the women changed places and the dog trotted to each alternately.

"Here, Jack!" said a policeman. The dog nearly knocked him over answering the call.

The dog answered to Bouncer, Lizzie, Jake, Marmaduke, Rex, Molly, Sylvester, Topsy and Henry in turn.

"Here, George!" yelled a lawyer. The collie leaped over chairs to answer that one.

"I give it up," said Magistrate Geismar. "When a dog has as many aliases as that it's time to call for help. You two women had better go to a civil court."

Decision May Cause Diminution of "Joy Riding"

NEW YORK.—Walking, a method of locomotion that went out of style with the advent of the flivver, is due for a grand revival. A Brooklyn court has decided that an automobile owner is responsible for injuries suffered by friends who happen to be in his automobile just before it hits a tree or tries to dispute the right of way with a train.

Thousands upon thousands of persons who spend Sunday helping some friendly car owner gasoline himself into bankruptcy and the rest of the week telling others what a rotten car he has, will now have to stand around and roast him as he starts out unaccompanied, all alone by himself.

With that decision staring him in the face, even the owner who likes to take an audience along to listen to his garage patter will hesitate before loading his chariot with potential lawsuits. In the Bronx and other sections where it is a common thing to see three or four adults and five or six children stuffed into a half-portion car, the decision will cause acute distress.

The woman who sued was out riding with a neighbor. The neighbor was jolly well hitting it up along a smooth road. In the offing a big motortruck was in charge of a fellow with nothing on his mind but his hat.

There was a grinding of brakes and then the crash, and the woman who sued found herself hanging by a perfectly good skirt to the limb of a perfectly good tree, and to say that it spoiled her outing is putting it mildly. She was awarded \$4,000.

The owner of the car took her to a hospital and paid for the amnesia and all that sort of thing, but the law held that in this age of radical reform in the relations of mankind there was nothing to do but assess damages.

Took His Freedom Just a Little Too Literally

CHICAGO.—Marguerite Krohn was perfectly willing to give her husband to the United States, but to another woman, never. So read what happened to Henry E. because he took too much for granted. Henry's patriotic spirit waxed wroth at the ruthless U-boats, according to Marguerite. He wanted to join the navy and help drive Von Tirpitz and his crew off the high seas.

Being self-reliant as well as patriotic, Marguerite gave her consent, with no little pride in her husband's desire to fight for his country, telling him that she could support their little daughter while he was at war. So Henry went on his way.

But Henry neglected to write from the naval station, where she thought he would be in training, to his wife. So Marguerite became suspicious, and her suspicions bore fruit when she met Henry, in civilian togs, parading a South Chicago thoroughfare, and on his arm was a beautiful blonde.

To her protests, Marguerite told the police, Henry replied that when she said she could get along without him, he took unto himself another wife who wouldn't be so independent. She went to Crown Point and found recorded there, she told the police, the marriage of Henry to Christina Smith of Chicago.

Judge Prindiville granted the usual warrant for Henry's arrest. He'll "tell it to the judge" later.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO TO WIN THE WAR

Conserve Food and Buy Liberty Bonds—Two Ways They Can Help.

WOMEN OF AMERICA, WAKE UP!

Pour All Your Savings Into Uncle Sam's Lap—Keep on Saving and Pouring Until the World Is Free.

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN.

What can the women of America do to help win this war? Two things are certain; one that they can do a great deal and another that, unless the war lasts ten years longer, they can never do so much as the French, English and Italian women have done, they can never suffer so much as the French, English and Italian women have suffered.

To me, returning to America after two years in the war countries, the untouched gaiety of the American people came as a terrific shock. I had left a world as black and silent as night; a world in which I had seen no dancing, a world in which I had heard no spontaneous laughter or—except in the case of military bands—no music. At first the atmosphere of America was almost unbearable. I was obsessed with the desire to get back to the allied countries, to suffer with them, rather than enjoy the comparative comfort of a comparatively unwarmed America. The luxury everywhere appalled me. Those hundreds of motors gliding through our streets for instance! Private motors have long ago disappeared from allied Europe. The beautiful fabrics, the furs and laces, the gorgeous sport clothes and the dazzling evening dresses which still distinguish the women of America.

Ban on Evening Clothes.

The first time I was invited to a dinner party on my return, I wore a long-sleeved high-necked gray-and-black gown and found myself a wren among birds of paradise. No woman of France would think of wearing evening clothes. Indeed, both men and women are prohibited by law from appearing in evening clothes at the theater. On the few social occasions in which they take part, French women are dressed in black gowns with a little lace at the neck and sleeves. English women still wear evening clothes. When their men return on their rare leave from the front, they cover their aching hearts with as much gaiety as possible in order to send them back to the filth and the vermin and the rats and the damp and the cold and the wounds and the constant sight of death psychologically refreshed. But most of the evening dresses that the English women are now wearing date back to the beginning of the war. And strangest of all, perhaps, for a country at war, those lustrous streets with their rows of electric lights and their vivid, flashing, changing, iridescent electric signs. In Paris, you plunge into a deep twilight when you leave your restaurant, and in London you grope your way home through a dangerous Stygian gloom. Then the careless spending in American hotels and restaurants. In Paris those places close at half-past nine. And food! Food conditions have never been so bad in France as in the other allied countries, for France has always fed herself and is, moreover, the world's best cook. But in Italy and England, meat is a rare luxury to be obtained only once in a great while; butter and sugar are long-forgotten dreams.

See Their Homes Destroyed.

And then in the case of France and to some degree of Italy, the allied women have seen vast stretches of carefully cared-for ancient forest and enormous sections of softly-beautiful farming country turned into metal-ridden dumps; they have seen dozens of small cities and hundreds of little villages transformed to ash heaps; they have seen so much old sacred beauty in the form of churches, cathedrals and historic monuments reduced to hills of rubble that the whole world must seem a desert to them. They have even had to endure the extra affront of an exhibition in Berlin of the art treasures looted from northern France.

The allied women have nursed the wounded, the tubercular, the undernourished; they have taught new trades to the crippled and blind and those who are invalided for life. They have taken care of thousands and thousands of refugees from Belgium, northern France and Siberia. They have had to provide for the bringing up of thousands of orphan children. This has not come upon them gradually, but all the time and in increasing proportions.

But, after all, these things are as nothing to the death of the flower of their male youth. England and France and Italy have lost so much in man power that no member of our generation looks for happiness again during his own lifetime! They hope only for one thing—to insure the freedom of the next generation.

Sons All Gone.

"My husband is a Parisian," said a beautiful American woman married to a Frenchman. "He has always lived in Paris. He has many friends here. He is forty-five years old. His

friends range in age from forty to sixty. Not one has a son left."

"Thank you for your kind letter," wrote an English girl to a woman who had just sent a letter condoling with her on the death of the last of three brothers. "We find the country a little dreary now and we are returning to town the last of the month. We shall be at home Sunday evenings. Be sure to come to us often. We want to see all our friends and hear what they have been doing in the last three months. Mother and father look forward with special pleasure to meeting you all again. Please bring any soldier friends; we will try to make it gay for them."

"What news do you get from Frederick," a friend of mine asked of the mother of Frederick, a beautiful middle-aged English woman who was making a great success of a dance given for some convalescent Tommies. "Oh, you haven't heard, have you," the mother of Frederick answered. "He was killed two months ago." And she turned to answer with her ready sympathetic smile the inquiries of a group of Tommies gathered about her.

Fight Same as Men.

But that is not all. In a manner of speaking, the women of Europe are fighting the war just as the men are. They have not, except in the case of the famous Battalion of Death, died in battle; and yet a half to three-quarters of a million women have been killed as the direct result of war activities. More women have been killed in this war than men on both the Northern and Southern sides in our Civil war. That nearly three-quarters of a million includes the women massacred by the Turks in Armenia, by the Austrians in Serbia, by the Germans in Belgium and northern France; it includes army nurses, and women munition makers; it includes civilian women killed by shells in the war zone or near it, women killed by Zeppelins and airplane raids and by submarines.

What can the women of America do to equal all this service and all this suffering?

For three years, the French and English, and for two years, the Italians, have stood between us and the death of our democracy. What can we do to make up for that long, hesitating neutral inaction of ours? The men of our nation have responded gallantly. We have a real army in France now. As Lloyd George said in parliament to a listening empire, "The Americans are in." We are in and of course we are in to stay, in for a century if need be, until the safety of the world democracy is assured. The men of America are doing their part—doing it with suffering and death. What can the women do?

What Women Can Do.

It is the geographical misfortune of us women of America that we cannot possibly give the personal service that the women of Europe have given. They are near and we are far. They, so to speak, are in the front trenches and we have not entered the war zone. Only a very few of us, in proportion to our numbers, can work in the hospitals or canteens there. Only a few more in proportion to our numbers can do Red Cross work or Y. M. C. A. work here. There are, however, two things we can do all the time and with all the strength that is in us. One is to conserve food. The other is to buy Liberty bonds. We can help the government by buying bonds. Yet again we have an advantage; it is our peculiar misfortune that most of us can help the government only by helping ourselves. For the purchase of Liberty bonds at the generous rate of interest which the government grants is not self-denial but in line with self-interest—legitimate of course, but still self-interest.

Women of America, wake up! Pour all your savings into Uncle Sam's lap. Then save more, and pour them into his lap. Keep on saving and pouring, pouring and saving, until the world is free. You have given generously of the sinews of war in those magnificent boys you have sent to France. Give as generously in the money which will keep them well and happy there.

EXIT THE GERMAN DACHSHUND

Marine Poster Causes German Dog to Be Driven From Streets of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati.—Exit the German dachshund from the society of Cincinnati dogdom.

A United States marine corps poster was responsible for the German dog's social demise here. The poster depicts an American bulldog chasing a German dachshund with the words: "Teufel hund (devil dog), German nickname for U. S. marines." Since the appearance of the poster the local dachshunds, of which there are a great number, have led a miserable existence, as small boys have "sicked" bulldogs, terriers, hounds and every other canine breed on the poor "Fritzies," until at last they have been virtually driven off the streets of Cincinnati.

Navy Bean Lauded.

The navy bean, besides being plentiful in that branch of the war service which bears its name, is also well-stocked in the army. It follows the flag to the front and Chicago food administrators say it should be used liberally at home to save other foods for the soldier boys.

Guests Provide Own Sugar.

When friends go "a-visiting" at Alton, Ill., they bring their own sugar along for sweetening the refreshments served. A two-pound sugar ration to each family compels it. Sugar has been unusually scarce for some time.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, sometimes I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONAHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SLEPT LATE THAT MORNING

Traveler in Sleeping Car Had His Own Reasons for Not Wanting to Turn Out Early.

A certain well-known local artist—who threaten dire doings if we use his real name and who is in a position to make good—was returning to Cleveland from Columbus the other night. He had a lower berth, and when he retired he noted that there was nobody in the berth above him.

The evening was chilly and our friend soon perceived the need of another blanket. He thought of the berth above, reached his hand up and pulled a blanket down. It came hard, but he got it; and in a few minutes he was comfortably asleep. But not before he had wondered what made the blanket so nice and warm around the neck.

There's no use in trying to work up to a climax in this yarn. The man from whose sleeping form that blanket had been dragged awake with loud complaints later in the night. And his words were so violent that our artist friend feared to get up in the morning, until all but him had fled, as the old song hath it.—Exchange.

Gosh!

Old Lady.—Tut, tut! Do you know what becomes of little boys who tell fibs?

Willie Hibrow (aged five).—Oh, that is an optional matter with the boys' parents. Some are foolishly threatened with eternal damnation; corporal punishment is inflicted on some; others are incarcerated for short periods of time in cellars, sheds and closets or are humiliated by being put prematurely to bed. Others are subjected to a course of light mental gymnastics containing a smattering child psychology, psychopathy, psychomania, often-times with an element of electro-racism or dactylomania. After all the question is one of a belief in or against a personal devil. Personally, I—

(But the good old lady was gasping for breath.)

A Washout.

Elsie arrived home one evening with a beautiful silver-mounted walking stick and her younger sister was anxious to know whence it came. But Elsie would not tell, so the curious one asked her father to obtain the information for her.

"I found it," Elsie poutingly said to her father, "floating on the waves one day when I was bathing."

But two days later Elsie's sister said to Elsie, "Come, tell me! What is his name?"

"Name?" repeated Elsie blankly, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, dear," said Elsie's sister, "that last night I tried to make that stick of yours float in the bath, and—well, darling, it sank!"

An Economic Move.

"So you want to give up work. But can you afford to retire?"

"Yes, sir; I'm going to get married."

True happiness consists in getting something you wanted but didn't expect.

A Cool Breakfast for warm weather

No fussing round a hot stove if you eat

POST TOASTIES

(MADE OF CORN)—Bobby